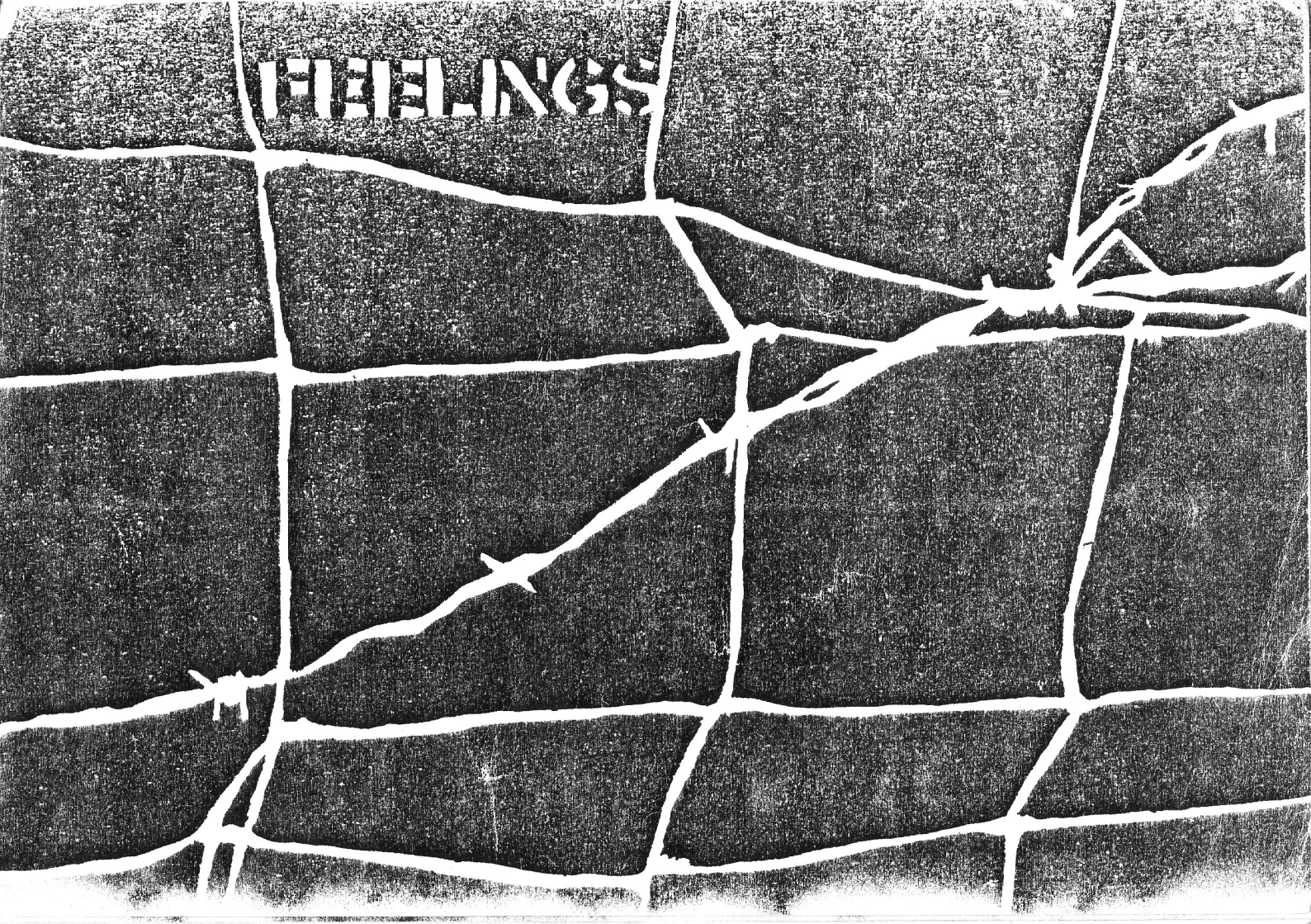

FEELINGS

Now it is dark, nightime has fallen. Now is the time for dreamiming, or now is the time for fear as our dreams so often turn into nightmares.I sit trying to think of words that express my feelings, feelings from the heart, but as usual trying to rehhase ones true feelings, is one of the most difficult things to try and write.
as i sit, a child sleeps on my wall never having woke, and it never will. Never will it see the green of the grass, the blue sky.Never will it feel the warmth of the sun. It8s for that child that i cry. It will never laugh, it will never cry. That is my reason for living, hoping that never shall such horror be unleashed upon our earth again, it's through the stupidity and selfishness of those who some would call our leaders, that this child is dead. And many more children, men and women. Why the need to kill, it's a simple question. It's got a simple answer, there is no need to kill. To kill people or animals, both are sensitive, both feel pain. Both feel pity at the state we've put ourselves into, for it's only us who can take the blame. It's us who've let others steal our lives, taken from us as soon as we entered this earth, and made to conform to the normal way of life, normal in as much that killing goes on unnoticed. Suffering people and animals cry and go unheard. The past has shown enough killing and suffering, and our future will be the same unless we all try to do some thing. We can only but try, we have nothing to lose, but a world to gain if we sucseed. We might not change things on a large scale, but we can on a smaller personal scale. Can we go through life not caring, can we go through life not seeing the begty, can we not try to change things to help people even if we fail we know that we have tried. We as individuals can remove our part from the hatred, we can

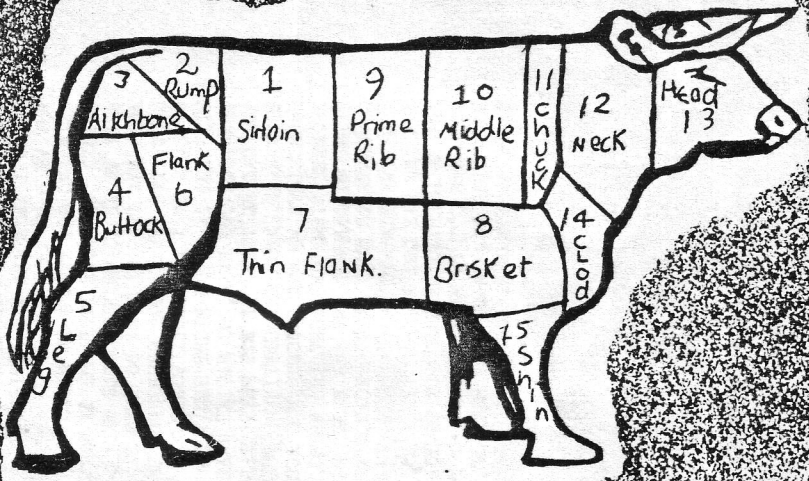
show our love, and overcome our fear and our anger. We can look to ourselves and decide what what we can add to our own life, and in what way we can help others. We have the chance to add some colour to this everlasting darkness. We can try to add hope when there is dispair. For the childs sake, why destroy when you can create. The child on the other page could have been you. It could have been your own child.

The gate to the green feild is closed, but it can easily be opened. It's only you who stops you from going through the gate. It's fear of the unknown that holds us back, but together we can overcome our fear. and turn our fear into a positive force. Hand in hand we can go through the gate. we have so much to live for, life could be wonderfull, why not take time to notice the beuty that surrounds you. We can only but try. CAN YOU GO THROUGH LIFE KNOWING OF THE SUFFERING YOU LEAVE BEHIND, WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER KNOWING THAT YOU SPREAD SOME LOVE AND HOPE, IN A WORLD SO FULL OF SORROW?

ONLY YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO DECIDE WHAT SORT OF FUTURE YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE. ANYONE WHO TELLS YOU OTHERWISE IS A LIAR AND IF YOU BELIEVE THEM, AND ANYTHING ELSE THEY SAY YOU ARE A FOOL

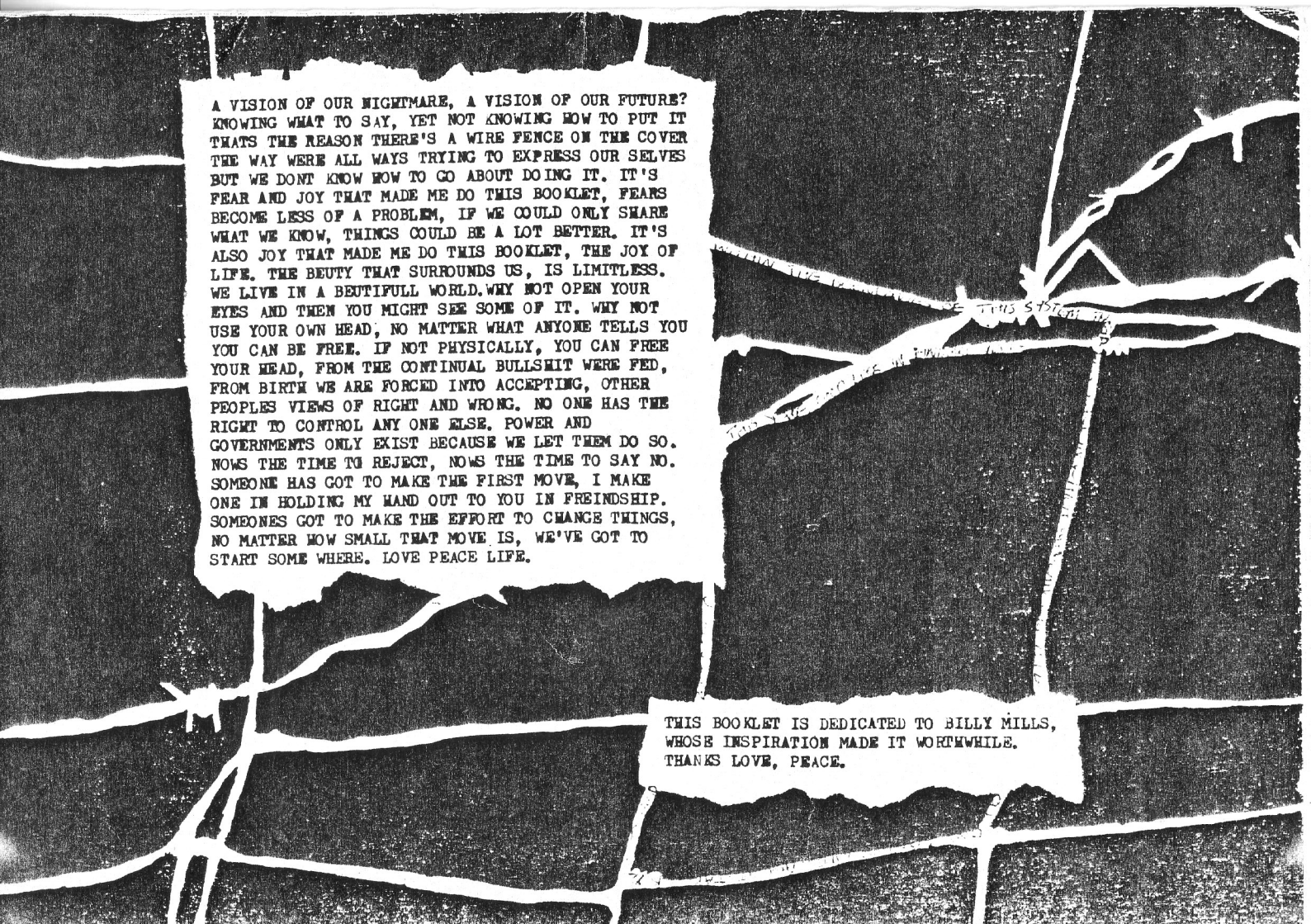
WILL YOUR CHILD WAKE

Below is the picture of a child, not yet born who was killed at Nagasaki/At the time when the bomb dropped, it's mother was exposed to radiation/It's mother survived, the child didn't/It was born dead and deformned/Nuclear weapons kill not only the living/They kill children not yet born, who are still developing in the womb/They know nothing of war, but they still suffer because of it/Your nuclear weapons are FILTH/Why cant they spend the money on things that will help people, rather than things that will murder them/They've got enough weapons to kill us all many times over/Is that not deterant enough for you/Why spend money on weapons/When people starve/When the homeless grow colder/ WE ARE RULED BY PERVERTED MINDS/Helping people or bombs?/ Which do you think it should be?/LIFE OR DEATH?/WHICH IS IT TO BE?/WILL YOUR CHILD WAKE?/



YOU LIKE TO HEAR THE LOVING PLAYFULL BARK OF YOUR PET, BUT YOU TURN YOUR HEAD AWAY WHEN YOU HEAR THE SCREAMS OF TERROR, THE SCREAMS OF PAIN, THE SCREAMS FOR HELP FROM THE ANIMAL IN THE LABORITY OR THE ANIMAL IN THE ABBITOR, WHATS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR PET OR THE ANIMAL IN THE ABBITOR. NONE IS MORE CLEVER THAN THE OTHER, THE OTHERS AREN'T SPECIAL THEY DO FEEL PAIN, WHY SHOULD ANIMALS SUFFER FOR OUR GAIN. WOULD YOU KILL YOUR PET, WOULD YOU SKIN AND EAT IT? WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR PET TO BE A LABORITY, WOULD YOU LET IT SUFFER, ARE OTHER ANIMALS SO DIFFERENT? WHEN YOU HEAR YOUR DOG BARK, THINK OF THE ANIMALS SCREAMING FOR HERP IN AN ABBITOR. THINK OF YOUR PET IN IT'S PLACE. THINK OF YOUR PET IN IT'S PLACE. THINK OF YOUR PET IN IT'S PLACE.

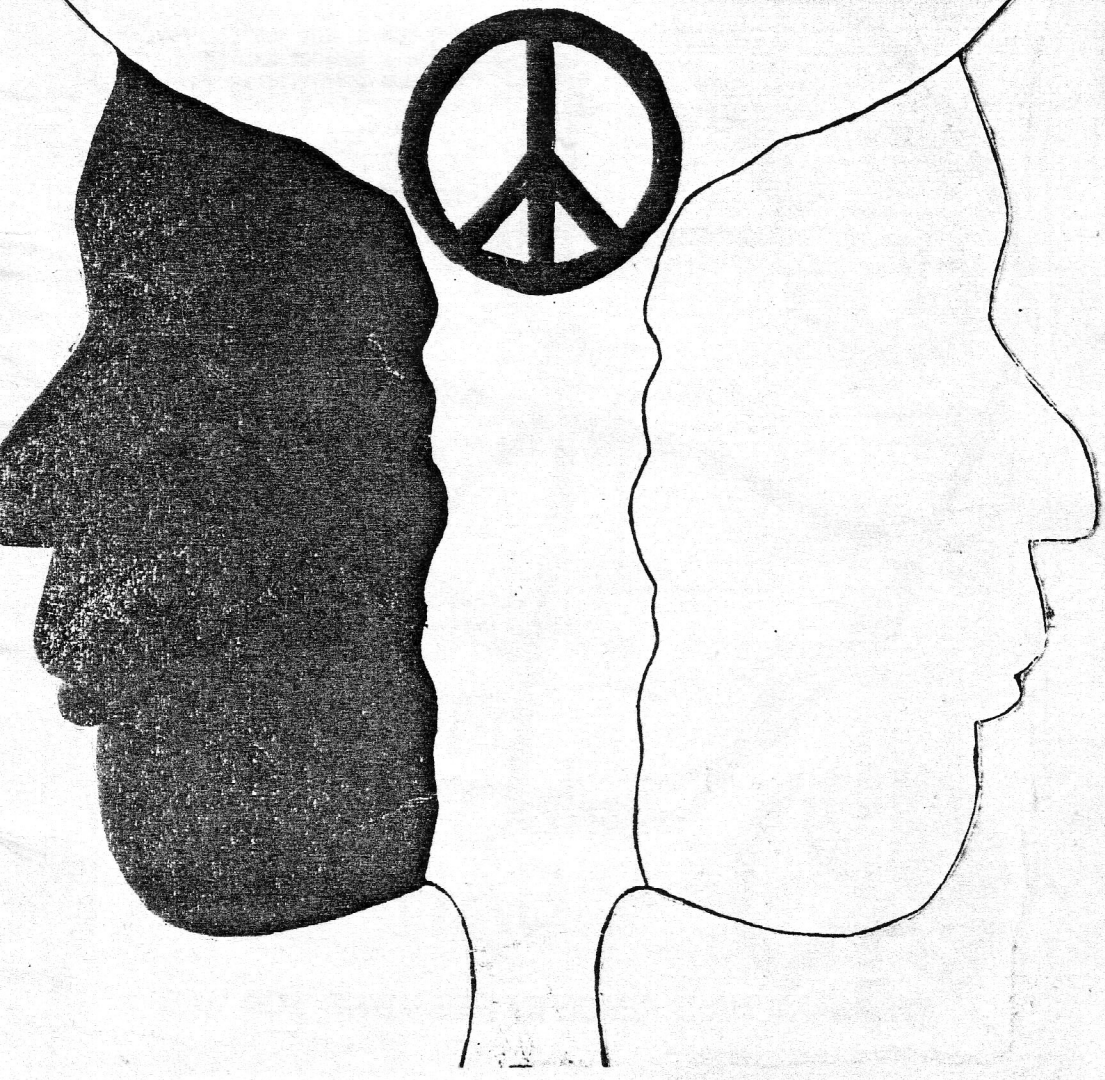
THINK OF YOUR PET IN IT'S PLACE



A VISION OF OUR NIGHTMARE, A VISION OF OUR FUTURE? KNOWING WHAT TO SAY, YET NOT KNOWING HOW TO PUT IT THATS THE REASON THERE'S A WIRE FENCE ON THE COVER THE WAY WERE ALL WAYS TRYING TO EXPRESS OUR SELVES BUT WE DONT KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT DOING IT. IT'S FEAR AND JOY THAT MADE ME DO THIS BOOKLET, FEARS BECOME LESS OF A PROBLEM, IF WE COULD ONLY SHARE WHAT WE KNOW, THINGS COULD BE A LOT BETTER. IT'S ALSO JOY THAT MADE ME DO THIS BOOKLET, THE JOY OF LIFE. THE BEUTY THAT SURROUNDS US, IS LIMITLESS. WE LIVE IN A BEUTIFULL WORLD. WHY NOT OPEN YOUR EYES AND THEN YOU MIGHT SEE SOME OF IT. WHY NOT USE YOUR OWN HEAD, NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE TELLS YOU YOU CAN BE FREE. IF NOT PHYSICALLY, YOU CAN FREE YOUR HEAD, FROM THE CONTINUAL BULLSHIT WERE FED, FROM BIRTH WE ARE FORCED INTO ACCEPTING, OTHER PEOPLES VIEWS OF RIGHT AND WRONG. NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO CONTROL ANY ONE ELSE. POWER AND GOVERNMENTS ONLY EXIST BECAUSE WE LET THEM DO SO. NOWS THE TIME TO REJECT, NOWS THE TIME TO SAY NO. SOMEONE HAS GOT TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE, I MAKE ONE IN HOLDING MY HAND OUT TO YOU IN FREINDSHIP. SOMEONES GOT TO MAKE THE EFFORT TO CHANGE THINGS, NO MATTER HOW SMALL THAT MOVE IS, WE'VE GOT TO START SOME WHERE. LOVE PEACE LIFE.

THIS BOOKLET IS DEDICATED TO BILLY MILLS, WHOSE INSPIRATION MADE IT WORTHWHILE. THANKS LOVE, PEACE.

WHEN THE BOMB IS DROPPED, IT WILL KILL US ALL. FOR WHEN THE BOMB IS DROPPED, IT DOESN'T KNOW WHO IT KILLS, IT DOESN'T KNOW WHO PRESSED THE BUTTON. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR IN YOUR SHELTER OR IN YOUR BUNKER, SOONER OR LATER YOUR TIME WILL COME. WHEN THE BOMB IS DROPPED IT DOESN'T CHECK WHO IT KILLS, IT CANT TELL WHAT SORT OF PERSON YOU ARE. FOR BOMBS ARE BOMBS, AND THEY'RE BUILT TO KILL. AND THATS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DO. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOUR RICH OR IF YOUR POOR. IT CANT TELL IF YOUR BLACK OR IF YOUR WHITE. IT DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, IT DOESN'T REALLY CARE. FOR BOMBS ARE BOMBS AND ALL THEY DO IS HURT(KILL)MAIM(KILL)INJURE(KILL)DESTROY(KILL)SLAUGHTER(KILL) INNOCENT PEOPLE. PEOPLE WHO ARE NO DIFFERENT FROM YOU AND ME. PEACE CONCERNS US ALL, NO MATTER WHAT SORT OF PERSON YOU ARE. IT'S UP TO US ALL TO CAST ASIDE ALL LABELS, PREDIDUCES BARRIERS. ALL PEOPLE ARE THE SAME IT'S ABOUR TIME WE REALIZED THIS. TOGETHER AS ONE WE CAN DO IT, BUT IF WE PERSIST IN OUR PETTY SQUABBLES ~~XXXX~~ NOTHINGS GOING TO CHANGE. PEACE CAN WORK, BUT ONLY IF WE WANT IT TO. TOGETHER THROUGH LOVE WE CAN MAKE IT A REALITY.



YOU CANT HAVE PEACE BY PREPARING FOR WAR

THIS IS THE REWARD OUR CARING GOVERNMENT, GIVE THEM, THE MEN WHO GAVE SO MUCH, THEY RECIEVE NOTHING BUT PAIN AND SUFFERING. THEY WERE TOLD THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR GOOD, AND FREEDOM, BUT THERE IS NO FREEDOM, ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE WHO ARE CONFINED TO BEDS IN HOSPITALS, AND HOMES. THE GOVERNMENTS WHO THEY FOUGHT FOR, WONT EVEN PAY FOR THE UPKEEP OF THESE PLACES. THE PEOPLE WHO CAUSED THE WAR SHED THE GUILT, THE RESPONSIBILITY ONTO US, THEIR SUFFERING WAS FOR US, TO SAVE OUR HOMES AND OUR COUNTRY. I SAY THEY DIED FOR NOTHING, I DID NOT ASK THEM TO FIGHT FOR ME, THEY DIED AND SUFFERED NOT FOR ME NOT FOR YOU. THEY DIED TO KEEP A BUNCH OF RICH PARASITES IN A GOODJOB, IN A GOOD COMFY HOME. WHILE THE PEOPLE WHO DO THE FIGHTING, STRUGGLE IN A SHIT JOB, WITH A A SHIT WAGE. I SAY FUCK THEM, AND FUCK YOUR WARS, WAR IS VERY PROFITABLE FOR THOSE IN HIGH PLACES, DOES YOUR QUEEN, YOUR PRIME MINISTER SUFFER? DO THEY? DO THEY FUCK, IT'S US WHO SUFFER IT'S THEM WHO GET RICHER AND RICHER AND RICHER WHILE WE GET POORER AND POORER, AND SUFFER MORE AND MORE. IT'S TIME TO TELL THEM TO FUCK OFF, FUCK YOUR WAR, YOU STARTED IT, YOU STOP IT WE , WELL I SHALL NOT PLAY ANY PART TO HELP CAUSE OR HELP FIGHT YOUR WAR, OR ARE YOU CONTENT TO WASTE YOUR LIFE, FIGHTING FOR PEPLE WHO DONT CARE IF YOU LIVE OR IF YOU DIE. IT'S YOUR CHOICE, IT'S YOUR LIFE, WHY WASTE THEM? DO THEY OWE US A LIVING? OF COURSE THEY FUCKING DO, OF COURSE THEY DO.

Give a little to the men who gave so much—

the men of Erskine Hospital

Erskine Hospital means peace of mind to men who have been wounded or have become ill after serving our country. In the last 65 years and more than 40,000 men from every branch of the armed services and the Merchant Navy have found respite there.

DEPENDING ON VOLUNTARY HELP

Erskine works outside the National Health Service. Its very survival depends on continued voluntary support.

With 360 men to look after, Erskine now needs to collect over £1 million a year to provide the constant nursing care and rehabilitation they need.

BOTH A HOSPITAL AND A HOME

Most of the men will spend the rest of their lives in Erskine. So it must be a first-class hospital *and* a home where they can live, as far as is reasonable, normal lives in spite of disability.

Please, will you help Erskine help these men?

Post the coupon today with as much or as little as you wish to give, to Iain W. Grimmond, Treasurer, Room PS4, Erskine Hospital, Bishopton PA7 5PU.

All donations will be acknowledged.

Make cheques payable to Erskine Hospital.

To Iain W. Grimmond, Treasurer, Room PS4, Erskine Hospital, Bishopton PA7 5PU.

I enclose £ ____ as a donation towards your work for disabled ex-servicemen.

Please send, without obligation, covenant and banker's order forms. TICK ☐

Block letters please

NAME _____

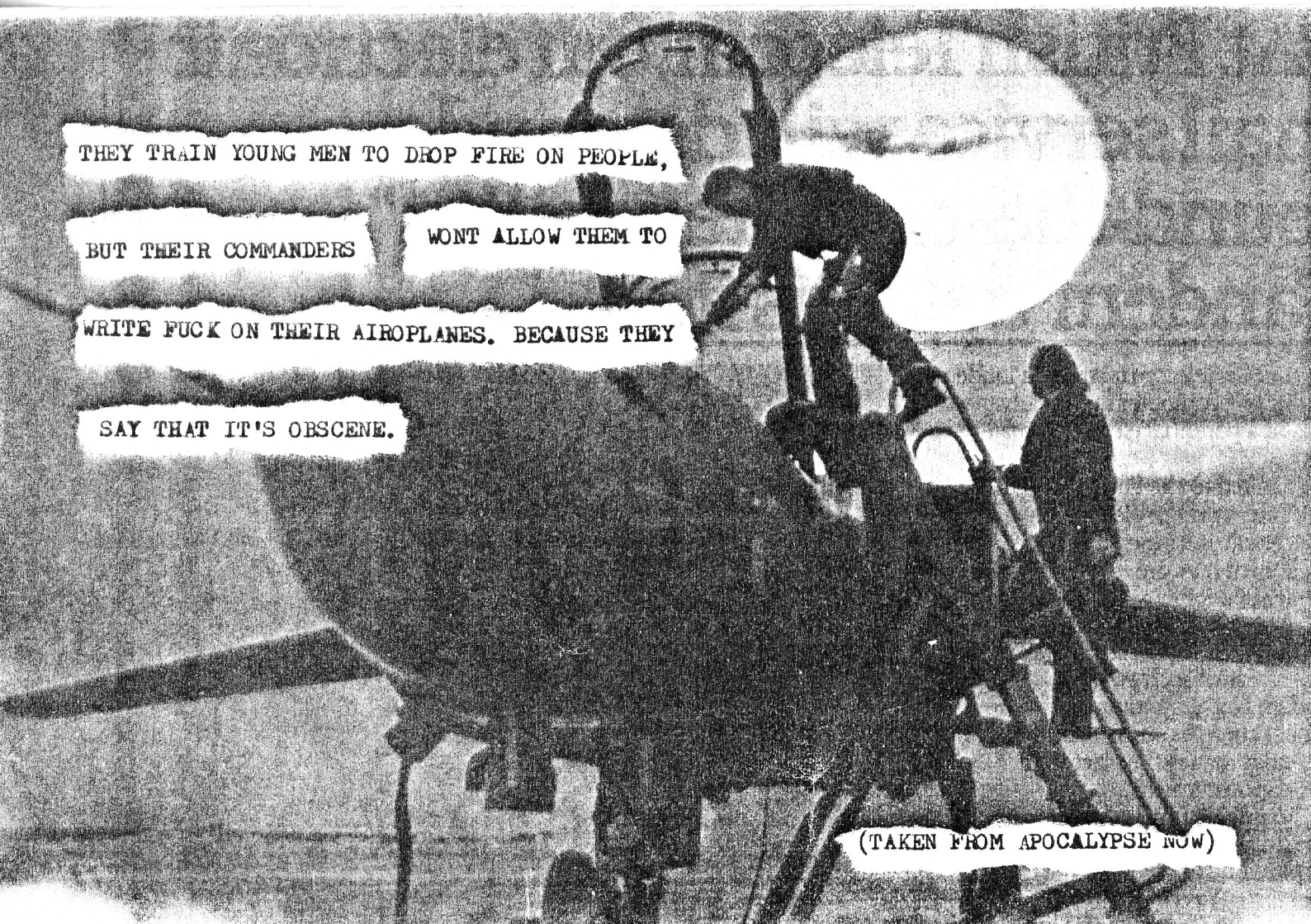
ADDRESS _____

_____

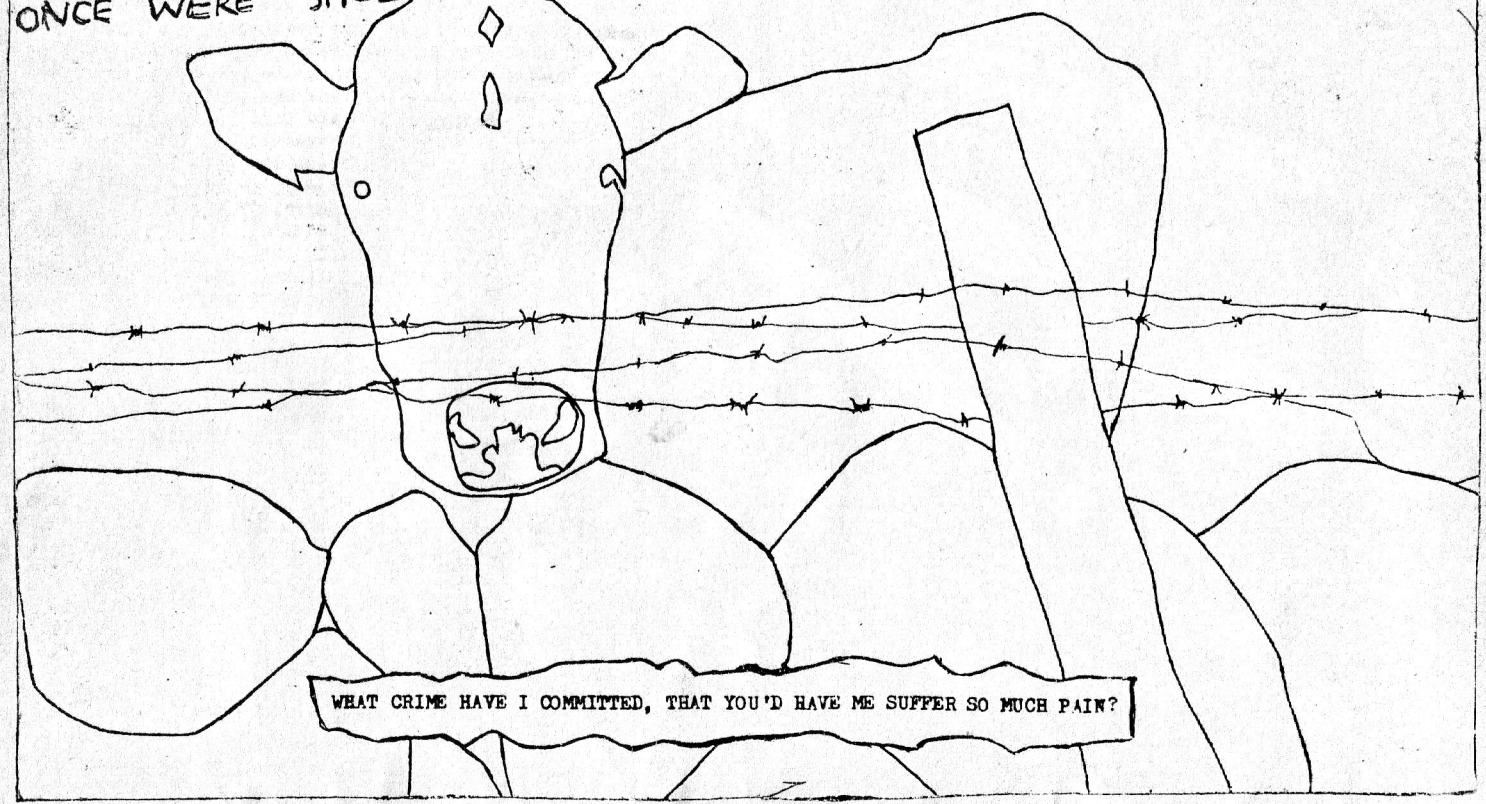
_____

ERSKINE

EVER FEEL THAT YOU'VE BEEN HAD?


THEY TRAIN YOUNG MEN TO DROP FIRE ON PEOPLE,
BUT THEIR COMMANDERS
WONT ALLOW THEM TO
WRITE FUCK ON THEIR AIROPLANES. BECAUSE THEY
SAY THAT IT'S OBSCENE.
(TAKEN FROM APOCALYPSE NOW)

SEE THE SHEEP AND COWS GRAZING IN THE FEILDS THEY SHIVER IN THE COLD, AND THEY SWEAT IN THE HEAT. SEE THE SHEEP AND COWS BEING LOADED ONTO A TRUCK, SEE THE TRUCK OF SLAUGHTER GO DOWN THE QUIET LANE. SEE THE SHEEP AND COWS, BEING TAKEN TO THE SLAUGHTERHOUSE, HEAR THE SHEEP AND COWS, SCREAMING IN AGONY. SEE THE TIDY CORPSES HANGING IN THE BUTCHERS SHOP, THEY ONCE WERE SHEEP AND COWS, BUT THEY DIED BECAUSE OF YOU.



The sun shines down onto the people of hiroshima, a calm peacefull day. Then, a new sun a thousand times brighter than the sun explodes, then everything turns black as a new cloud covers the sky. This new cloud breaks, but it will never be forgotten. The sun now shines onto the new generation of the east. A woman cries the child in her womb slowly dies. Buildings are blown away, like peices of paper in a breeze. The dead lie in the streets, their bodies burnt beyond recognition. People are so badly burnt you couldnšt tell if you were looking at the front or back of them. The injured lie in the streets helpless they suffer great pain, then die in agony. the sun once again shines onto the new generation of the east. This generation are born dead, they are born deformed. THE destruction of this act must never be forgotten. The pain and suffering goes on today, nearly forty years on. THE NEW GENERATION OF THE EAST, ALL VICTIMS OF THE PIKADON. IS THIS THE FUTURE WE OFFER OUR CHILDREN, OUR CHILDRENS CHILDREN.LETS LIVE IN PEACE LET OUR FUTURE GENERATIONS HAVE A FUTURE.

HOW LONG WILL IT BE

UNTIL WE SEE A PIKADON

BLINDED BY THE PIKA

DEAFEND BY THE DON

HOW LONG WILL IT BE

BEFORE WE ARE KILLED

BY THE PIKADON?

HOW LONG?

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE DREAMS, THEN ALL WE'D HAVE WOULD BE NIGHTMARES. WE ARE TOLD PEACE IS JUST A DREAM, THEN SHALL WE ALWAYS LIVE IN THIS NIGHTMARE?

LOVE.

LOVE IS A THING THAT WE ARE ALL BORN WITH, BUT AS WE GROW OLDER IT IS STIFELED, HIDDEN. WE ARE ENCOURAGED TO HIDE IT AWAY, DISGUISE OUR TRUE FEELINGS. IN A STATE OF PEACE WE CAME INTO THIS WORLD, BREAKING AWAY FROM THE WOMB, A STATE OF TRUE HARMONY, ONLY TO BE THRUST INTO THE BIG EMPTY FRIGHTENING WORLD. WE STILL REMEMBER THE CONTENTMENT OF THE WOMB, WARM, GENTLE, LOVING. BUT THIS NEW WORLD IS NOTHING LIKE THE WOMB, THE PEACE IS SHATTERED BY VIOLENCE AND WAR, WE LONG FOR PEACE BUT WE ARE TOLD TO ACCEPT WAR, ACCEPT VIOLENCE WE ARE ENCOURAGED TO HATE, WE WANT TO LOVE BUT WE ARE RIDICULED BY SOCIETY. AT SCHOOL, ON T.V., THE CHURCH, WAR IS GLORIFIED, HATE IS ACCEPTED, LOVE IS STRANGLED. PEACE.....AN ILLUSION? WE KNOW THAT WAR IS WRONG, WE REMEMBER THE PEACE OF THE WOMB. WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TO REJECT WAR, IT SHOULD NEVER HAPPEN. WE ALL KNOW WHAT LOVE IS. CARING, BEUTIFULL, HAPPINESS, WAR IS HATE, PAIN, SUFFERING AND SADNESS. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE TO THINK ABOUT PEACE, ABOUT BEING A PACIFIST, IT IS IN US ALL, NATURAL. TAKE A LOOK AROUND YOU, DONT YOU FEEL SAD ABOUT THE HATE? DONT YOU THINK IT'S WRONG TO INFLICT PAIN, TO SUFFER?

LOVE IS IN US ALL, LET IT SHOW. LET YOUR TRUE FEELINGS OUT. REJECT THE HATE, THE VIOLENCE..... LOVE. ONLY BY LOVING EACH OTHER, BY LOVING THIS WORLD IN WHICH WE LOVE CAN WE A ACHIEVE PEACE.

THIS WORLD THAT IS FULL OF HATE, CANNOT CONTINUE TO RUN OUR LIVES. SOMETHINGS GOT TO CHANGE, SOMETHINGS GOT TO HAPPEN. PEACE ISN'T JUST A DREAM, TOGETHER THROUGH LOVE WE CAN MAKE IT REALITY. WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT REALITY, WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT REALITY.

WE'VE GOT TO MAKE IT REALITY

SR/DK '83

TODAYS
TESCO
IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN BLIND,
NEVER ABLE TO SEE.
WHAT ONCE WAS NORMALITY,
IS NOW A HORROR TO ME.
furs direct
to the
public
at
manufacturer's
prices
Mink Fox
Raccoon
Musquash
Wolf Coney
Moleskin
Swedish Lamb
Squirrel Persian
Broadtail
Coyote
Sheepskin
among other
furs
at Renfield Street
enter by
24 Drury Street
Open Mon.-Sat. 9-5
SPECIAL XMAS OFFER
Silver Fox
Jacket
£995
OPEN 12-6 p.m. THIS SUNDAY
Alaska Fur
Company
24 Drury St Glasgow
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Consult your
Master
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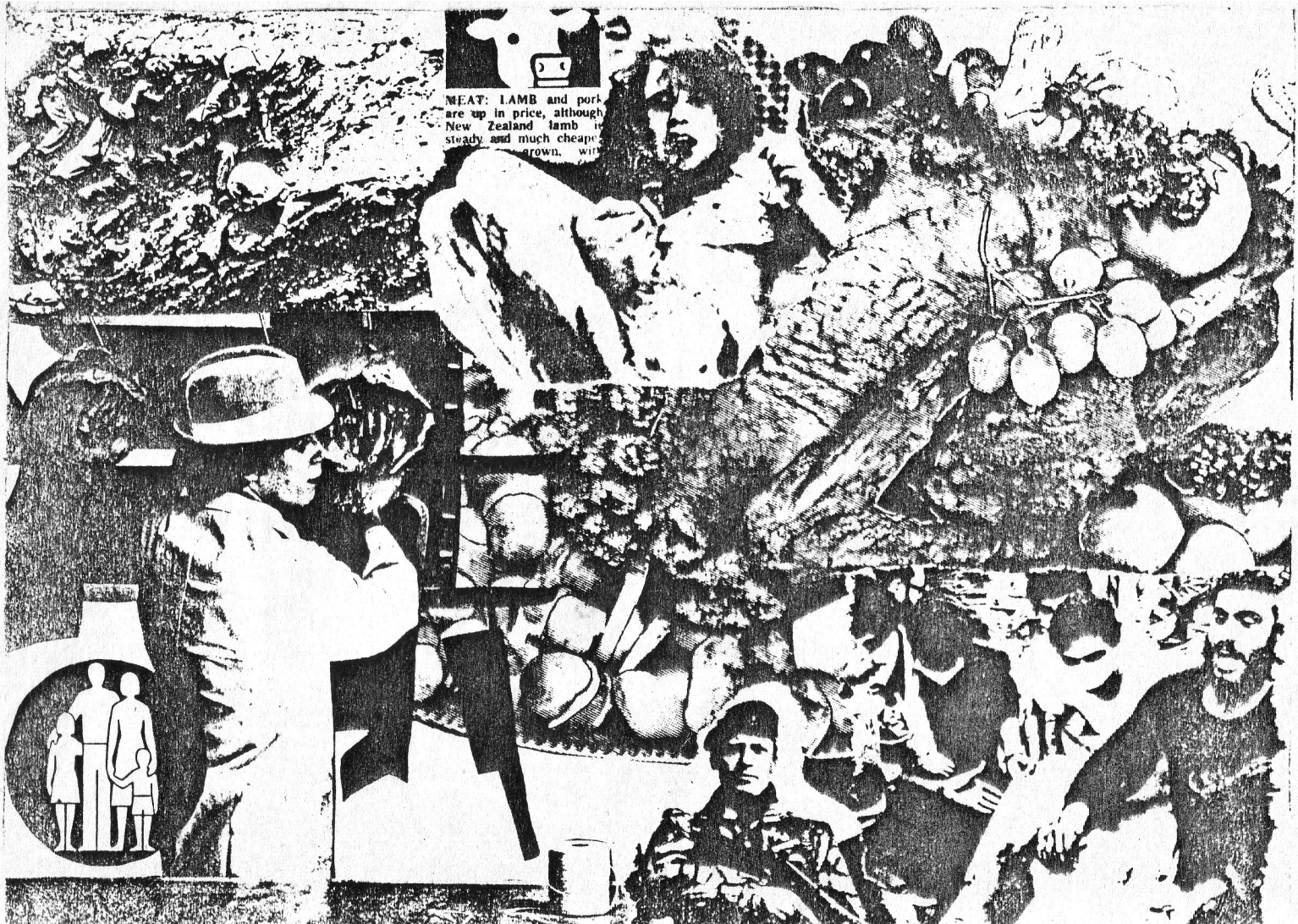
MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH FUR TRADE ASSOCIATION


MEAT: LAMB and pork
are up in price, although
New Zealand lamb
steady and much cheape
grown, wit

LIVE IN PEACE LET
OUR FUTURE

GENERATIONS HAVE
A FUTURE

A JOURNEY OF INSPIRATION. 1

SITTING ON A TRAIN, WAITING FOR IT TO MOVE ON, I DECIDE TO TAKE OUT MY NOTE BOOK AND PEN. I'VE HAD A SUDDEN INSPIRATION TO WRITE. I'M LUCKY BECAUSE I DONT USUALLY TAKE MY NOTE BOOK AND PEN WITH ME, ONLY OCCASIONALLY. IT'S FUNNY INSPIRATION TO WRITE CAN COME AT THE STRANGEST TIMES. AS THE TRAIN ROLLS ON WE SEE SOME COUNTRYSIDE, I THINK IT'S ONE OF BEST PLACES WHERE I STAY. IT'S CALLED THE LUGGY. IT'S A GREAT PLACE, SOME OF IT IS REALLY BEUTIFULL. I'VE WENT SOME REALLY NICE WALKS THERE. AN ABANDONED QUARRY, SOMETIMES YOU SEE SOME CATTLE IN IT, BUT THATS ABOUT IT. TREES ON BOTH SIDES OF ME LINE THE ROUTE. I HEAR ONLY THE SOUND OF THE TRAIN, THE OUTSIDE WORLD SEEMS SO QUIET AND PEACEFULL. AN ABANDONED HOUSE IS LEFT TO ROT. WHAT MEMORIES THAT MUST HOLD FOR SOME ONE, BUT NOW IT'S EMPTY. OVERHEAD PYLONS TAKE ELECTRICITY FROM A TO B, JUST LIKE THE TRAIN TAKES ME FROM C TO D. IN THE DISTANCE ARE SOME HILLS WHICH ADD TO THE SCENERY, WOODS ARE WHAT I SEE NOW, BUT I WONDER WHATS BEHIND THEM. COUNCIL HOUSING ESTATE IS ON MY LEFT, PUT THE EMPHISES ON (E)'STATE'. ALL THE NEAT LITTLE HOUSES, THEY LOOK PLEASENT ENOUGH FROM THE TRAIN, BUT THEY'RE CAGES TO SOMEONE. SOMEONE WHO WE'LL PROBABLY NEVER MEET. HIGH RISE FLATS MORE CAGES PILED UP ON TOP OF EACH OTHER, TAKES UP LESS ROOM THAN A NORMAL HOUSING ESTATE. FENCES PULLED DOWN TO LET FOLK IN TO LET FOLK OUT. ABANDONED RAILWAYX LINES WHERE TRAINS ONCE RAN, NOW RUST AWAY. A LOAD OF BARRELS PILED UP ON TOP OF EACH OTHER JUST LIKE A MOUNTAIN. I WONDER HOW MANY PEOPLE HAVE WISHED TO TAKE THE BOTTOM ONE AWAY TO SEE THEM ALL FALL DOWN. THE TRAIN STOPS THIS IS WHERE WE CHANGE OVER. ANOTHER TRAIN ANOTHER JOURNEY. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS BUILD MORE FACTORIES, MORE BORDEM FOR THE WORKERS TRAPPED INSIDE THEM. WE GO UNDER A BRIGE WHILE PEOPLE WALK OVER IT, GETTING WORRIED AND WOUND UP OVER NOTHING AT ALL. WE SLIP INTO A TUNNEL. LET ME SEE THE SKY. RENOVATED HOUSES WHICH USED TO BE SO UGLY, LOOK A LOT BETTER NOW, NOW THAT THEY'VE BEEN DISGUISED. UNDERNEATH IT ALL THEY'RE STILL A CAGE. A SCHOOL WHICH WILL HOLD SOME BITTER MEMORIES FOR THE PEOPLE WHO WENT TO IT. I MYSELF HATED SCHOOL. IT WAS SO POINTLESS MOST OF THE TIME. WELL, AT LEAST I CAN SAY ONE THING. I WAS TAUGHT HOW TO CATCH BUFFALO IN FIFTH YEAR, GOOD EH? YEA FUCKING MAGIC. IN THE FIFTH YEAR THEY ALWAYS SAID TO US "JUST YOU WAIT UNTIL YOU GET OUT INTO THE BIG BAD WORLD" THATS ALL WE HEARD, BUT THEY DID FUCK ALL TO PREPARE US FOR IT. ANOTHER STOP, THERE'S A SLAUGHTER HOUSE AROUND HERE, WHERE ANIMALS ARE SLAUGHTERED TO FULFIL YOUR

A Vietnamese girl tears off her burning clothes after an accidental napalm raid.

SELFISH WANT FOR MEAT. THE TRAIN IS STILL, TRAFFIC GOES BY. SHOPS LINE THE ROADS, THE WORKERS TRAPPED INSIDE THEM LONGING TO ESCAPE. THERE'S A DENTIST'S AROUND HERE, THE THOUGHT MAKES ME SHIVER WITH FEAR. I HATE THE DENTISTS THEY'RE HORRIBLE PLACES. LINES AND LINES OF TRACK GO NOWHERE FROM NOWHERE. INTO A TUNNEL, THERE'S NO LIGHT HERE IT'S FOREVER IN DARKNESS A CHURCH IN THE DISTANCE, THE SIGN OF THE CROSS, THE SIGN SO MANY PEOPLE BOW TO AND FEAR. AN ARMY SHOP IS JUST UP THE ROAD, SELLS ALL THE GEAR YOU COULD WANT. A JACKET WITH BULLET HOLES IN IT, GREAT EH? BOAST TO ALL YOUR MATES LOOK AT THIS, BUY WHY NOT SPARE A THOUGHT FOR THE PERSON WHO HAD IT ON, AS THE BULLET WENT TEARING THROUGH IT. THE TRAIN STOPS AND I GET OUT. AS I GET OUT ONTO THE STREET I SMILE HAPPILY AT THE PEOPLE I PASS, BUT I ONLY RECIEVE A FROWN IN RETURN. I GLANCE IN THE SHOP WINDOWS, THAT SHOW ME HOW I SHOULD BE. THIS IS OUR WAY, WHY ISN'T IT YOURS? I SEE AN OLD MAN STANDING AGAINST A WALL, HELD UP BY CRUTCHES. HALF OF ONE OF HIS LEGS IS GONE. HE HOLDS OUT HIS CAP AT THE PASSING PEOPLE, BUT WE ALL TURN AWAY, AND TRY TO HIDE FROM HIM. ARE WE REALLY AS CARING AS WE LIKE TO THINK WE ARE? AS I GO ON AND ON, SOME DRUNK PERSON IS BEHIND ME STAGGERING ABOUT, I RUN FROM HIM. SO HE DOESN'T START TALKING TO ME. I HATE IT WHEN SOME DRUNK PERSON STARTS ANNOYING ME. I MYSELF DONT DRINK, I'VE NEVER BOTHERED WITH DRINKING AT ALL REALLY. SOME OF THE CLOSEST PEOPLE TO ME ARE WHAT YOU COULD CALL ALCOHOLICS, SO THATS PUT ME OFF DRINKING QUITE A BIT. IF YOU SEE PEOPLE YOU LOVE SITTING ON THE SUITE PISSED OUT OF THEIR HEADS, NEARLY FALLING OFF, YOU KNOW IT DOESN'T MAKE DRINKING SEEM WORTH WHILE. AS I GET NEARER WHY DESTINATION, I GET WHAT I WANT, AND THEN HEAD BACK. NOW MY JOURNEY HOME. I SEE THE BILL POSTERS, HOW LIFE SHOULD REALLY BE LIVED, BUT THATS ALL A LOAD OF SHIT, DOES ANYONE REALLY LIVE THAT WAY? I REACH THE TRAIN STATION. I JUST SIT DOWN ON THE PLATFORM, AS ALL THE SEATS ARE TAKEN. I DONT REALLY MIND, AS IT GIVES ME TIME TO WRITE. A PERSON IN A HURRY, BUT SHE JUST MISSED HER TRAIN. MY TRAIN NOW COMES. OUT OF A TUNNEL WE GO INTO LIGHT. DARKNESS IN THIS TUNNEL, NO LIGHT HERE ONLY THE SOUND OF THE TRAIN . AND THE PEOPLE TALKING. ANOTHER TRAIN STOPS ON THE OTHERSIDE OF THE RAILS, PEOPLE STARE AT EACH OTHER AND WONDER WHERE THE OTHERS ARE GOING AND WHO'S IN IT. MORE TUNNELS, FUCK HOW I LONG TO GET AWAY, BUT WHAT I SAY AND WHAT I DO ARE USUALLY A DIFFERENT MATTER ALL TOGETHER. ANOTHER STOP PEOPLE GET ON PEOPLE GET OFF. EVERY BODY WISHING THAT THEY WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE. IT'S NOW NEARING THE PLACE WE CHANGE OVER. SO I'LL PUT MY PEN AND NOTE BOOK AWAY, MY WRITING REALLY BAD, AS IT'S

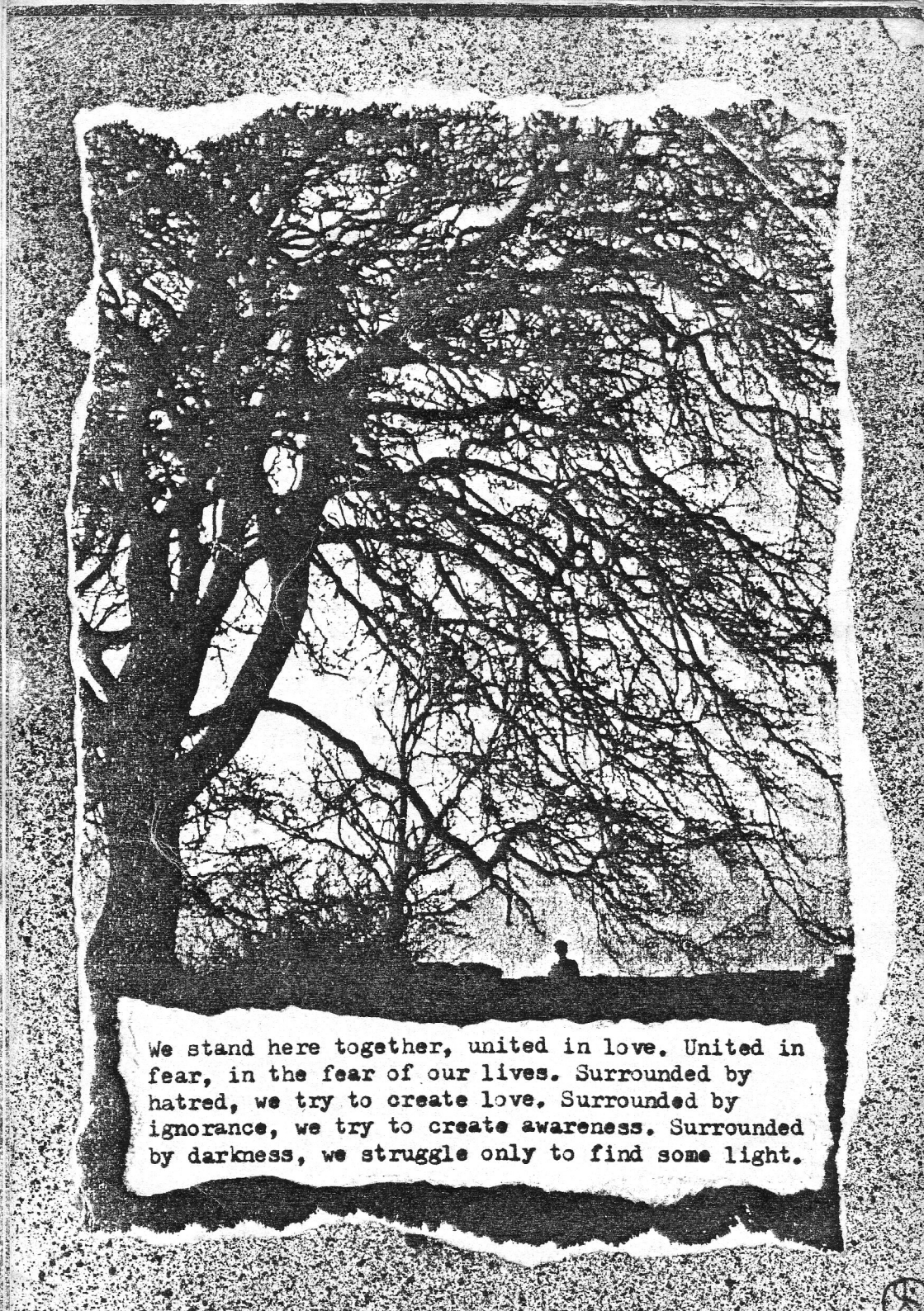
IN YOUR SILENCE
YOU DO NOTHING;

BUT SHOW YOUR
ACCEPTANCE OF
THEIR WAYS.

QUITE HARD TO WRITE WITH THE TRAIN JUMPING ABOUT. THE TRAIN STOPS EVERYONE JUMPS OUT AND RUNS TO THE OTHER TRAIN, TO TRY AND GET A SEAT, LUCKILY THERE'S NOT MANY PEOPLE IN THE TRAIN SO EVERYONE GETS A SEAT. AS I LOOK OUT OF THE WINDOW, I SEE THE FLOODLIGHTS OF A FOOTBALL GROUND I WENT TO OVER TEN T YEARS AGO, IT BRINGS BACK SOME FUNNY MEMORIES. I SEE THE PLACE WHERE I USED TO STAY, I SPENT THE FIRST SEVEN YEARS OF MY LIFE THERE. I USED TO LOVE THE PLACE. I SOME TIMES WONDER WHATS BECOME OF MY OLD MATES. I'VE OFTEN WANTED TO GO BACK, MAYBE SOMEDAY. JUST ACROSS THE RAILS THE PLACE IS A PURE SLUM, PEOPLE WONDER WHY THEY LIVE IN SUCH SHITTY CONDITIONS. AT THE SAME TIME THEY LISTEN TO A PARTY POLITICA -L BROADCAST BY SOME SHIT HEAD OR ANOTHER, TELLING THEM THAT THEY ARE INCREASING SPENDING ON THE DEFENCE OF GREAT BRITIAN THE POLITITION TELLS US THAT TIMES ARE HARD, BUT WERE ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY. GRIN AND BEAR IT WERE TOLD, WHILE THEY DO NOTHING BUT GRIN AND LAUGH AT US, ME AND YOU, WERE THE FUCKI -NG JOKE, BUT DONT YOU GET THE JOKE YET? HOW MUCH LONGER DO YOU NEED TO E WORK IT OUT? WE GO UNDER A SMALL METAL FOOT BRIDGE, THAT GOES NOWHERE T FROM NOWHERE. ON ONE SIDE OF THE RAILS IS BEUTIFULL FEIDS AND COUNTRYSIDE. AFTER WRITING SO MUCH ABOUT ONE PLACE BY THE TIME I'D FINISHED WRITING THE BIT ABOUT IT, WE'D BE A FEW MILES ON FROM THE PLACE. WE ARE NOW NEARING THE END OF MY JOURNEY, SO I'LL STOP NOW. I COULD RAMBLE ON AND ON IN A BIG LENGHY FINISH BUT I WONT BOTHER. I'LL LEAVE THE ENDING UP TO YOU, I'VE NEVER BEEN TOO GOOD AT ENDING THE STUFF I WRITE. SO THE REST IS UP TO YOU. TAKE FROM THIS WHAT YOU WILL. IF YOU DONT LIKE PEICES OF THIS, THEN CHANGE IT SO THAT YOU DO. WERE ALL INDIVIDUALS WE ALL HAVE DIFFERENT WANTS AND NEEDS. WHAT MIGHT BE RIGHT FOR ME MIGHT NOT BE WRIGHT FOR YOU. DECIDE WHAT YOU WANT FROM LIFE AND WORK FOR IT, NOTHINGS EVER GOING TO CHANGE UNLESS WE, YOU AND I, MAKE THE MOVE THE EFFORT TO CHANGE THINGS, OR WILL YOU BE FOREVER STANDING STILL, OR WILL YOU BE FOREVER STANDING STILL??????????.

WRITE TO,
STUART ROBERTSON
17 ABBOTSFORD PLACE
GREENFAULDS
CUMBERNAULD
GLASGOW
G67 4BJ

THANKS AND LOVE TO THOSE WHO'VE HELPED ME.
SPECIAL THANKS TO. DARYL CHIPS, PAUL, MARK. ALSO THANKS TO KRIS FOR GETTING SOME OF THE BOOKLET PRINTED.
LOVE PEACE AND THANKS.



We stand here together, united in love. United in fear, in the fear of our lives. Surrounded by hatred, we try to create love. Surrounded by ignorance, we try to create awareness. Surrounded by darkness, we struggle only to find some light.